Her Hands
A Spoken Word & Music EP – Lagos, 2089
by Success Akpojotor

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This work is part of the Afrofuturist Lagos cycle (2079–2099). It reimagines the biblical story of Samson as a data-augmented strongman in Lagos 2089. Betrayed by Delilah, blinded, and chained to a data center, Samson brings it down with his bare hands. Three tracks: "Watch Me," "I Drank The Tea," "Let Me Be The Key."

SADAVIDIA

PROJECT 2

SAMSON

Lagos, 2089

WRITTEN, COMPOSED & PRODUCED BY

Success Akpojotor

PERFORMED BY

Success Akpojotor — *Solo Performance, All Tracks*

DELIVERY KEY

CAPS BOLD = Shouted / projected with force
Bold italic = Sung
Standard = Spoken
Light gray = Whispered / internal / soft

TRACK 1

Watch Me

~3:00 · Proud → Dangerous → A party about to end

[INTRO]

0:00–0:15 — heavy bass, club sounds, crowd

Lagos 2089.
The Undertow is deeper now.
The rich live on platforms.
The rest of us swim.

[VERSE 1]

0:15–1:00 — spoken over bass

They call me Samson.
Not my real name.
My real name does not matter.
What matters is what I can do.

I can touch a wall and kill the lights.
I can breathe and crash a market.
I can look at a man and make him remember
every debt he ever ignored.

A cartel boss approached me tonight.
He said: “Work for us.”
I said: “No.”
He insisted.
I touched the wall.
“You dey crase?” I said, “You go collect wotowoto
The club went dark.
When the lights came back, he was on the floor.
I did not touch him.
I just reminded him what fear feels like.

[CHORUS]

1:00–1:45 — sung/shouted, beat drops

(shouted)

NO ONE OWNS ME.
NOT THE CARTELS.
NOT THE GOVERNMENT.
NOT THE ALGORITHM.

(sung, lower)

You want to know my strength?
It is simple.
I do not need anything you have.
You never baff!

[VERSE 2]

1:45–2:30 — spoken, beat softens slightly

Delilah was watching.
She is my keeper.
The only one who can talk me down.
She came to me after.
She said: “You cannot keep saying no forever.”
I said: “Watch me.”
She said: “One day, someone will find a way to say yes for you.”
I laughed.
I should not have laughed.

She touched my face.
She said: “I am not your enemy, Samson.”
I said: “Then do not act like one.”
She walked away.
I watched her go.
And for one second —

I was afraid.

[CHORUS]

1:00–1:45 — sung/shouted, beat drops

(shouted)

NO ONE OWNS ME.
NOT THE CARTELS.
NOT THE GOVERNMENT.
NOT THE ALGORITHM.

(sung, lower)

You want to know my strength?
It is simple.
I do not need anything you have.
You never baff!

[OUTRO]

2:30–3:00 — spoken, bass fades

“No one owns me,” I said.
But the club was dark.
And no one was listening.
So I said it again.
To myself.

“No one owns me.”

[beat drops out]
[silence]
[phone dialing]

TRACK 2

I Drank The Tea

~3:00 · Intimate → Cold → Devastating

[INTRO]

0:00–0:15 — soft synth, rain, two people breathing

Delilah’s apartment.
Late.
She made tea.

I drank it.
I should not have.
God abeg

[VERSE 1]

0:15–1:00 — spoken, quiet

She asked me: “Where does it come from?
The strength?”
I said: “You know where.”
She said: “Tell me anyway.”
I said: “It comes from saying no.”

She said: “No to what?”
I said: “No to everything they want me to be.
A weapon. A tool. A product.
I am not a product, Delilah.
I am a man.”

She looked at me.
Her eyes were wet.
I thought it was love.
It was guilt. God abeg

[CHORUS]

1:00–1:45 — sung, slow, beat like a heartbeat

(sung)
You think betrayal is loud.
It is not.
It is a woman making tea while her lover sleeps.
It is quiet.
It is always quiet.
(spoken)
I drank the tea.
(sung)
And I never asked why her hands were shaking.
Na tea do me like dis

[VERSE 2]

1:45–2:30 — spoken, beat becomes irregular, glitching

The room spun.
I tried to stand.
My knees hit the floor.
Delilah was crying now.
She said: “My brother. The cartels have him. I had no choice.”
I said: “You had a choice.
You just did not trust me.”

She took my code.
My biometric signature.
She handed it to them.

When I woke up, I was blind.
They had removed my optic implants.
I could hear Delilah.
She was still there.
She had stayed to watch.

I said: “I know why you did it.
I would have done the same.
But you should have asked me first.
I could have saved your brother.”

She said nothing.
Then: footsteps.
Then: a door.
Then: nothing.

[CHORUS]

1:00–1:45 — sung, slow, beat like a heartbeat

(sung)
You think betrayal is loud.
It is not.
It is a woman making tea while her lover sleeps.
It is quiet.
It is always quiet.
(spoken)
I drank the tea.
(sung)
And I never asked why her hands were shaking.
Na tea do me like dis

[OUTRO]

2:30–3:00 — spoken, no beat, just breathing

I sat in the dark.
Blind.
Chained.
Alone.
And I did not curse her.
I just said her name.

“Delilah.”
Over and over.

Until the chains began to move.

[sound of chains grinding]
[Cut.]

TRACK 3

Let Me Be The Key

~3:00 · Mournful → Building → Catastrophic

[INTRO]

0:00–0:15 — industrial hum, chains, dripping water

They chained me to a data center.
The Undertow.
    Floor negative twelve.
The servers were warm.
They felt like skin.

[VERSE 1]

0:15–1:00 — spoken, exhausted

The cartels came to mock me.
“Where is your strength now, Samson?”
I did not answer.
I was praying.
    Not to any god they taught me.
    To the people.
    The ones who sang my name in the clubs.
    The ones who had nothing.

I said: “Let me die free.”
    That was my prayer.
    Three words.

[CHORUS]

1:00–1:45 — sung, building, beat becomes massive

(sung low, then rising)
They took my eyes.
They took my code.
They took my future.
(shouted)
THEY FORGOT MY HANDS.
(sung)
A data center is just a tomb for secrets.
Let me be the key that opens it. Una go see shaygay

[VERSE 2]

1:45–2:30 — spoken over massive beat

I pulled.
The chains held.
I pulled harder.
Muscles tearing.
Bones shifting.
I did not stop.

The cooling system cracked.
Coolant flooded the floor.
The servers overheated.
One by one, they failed.
The cartels screamed.
They tried to stop me.
They could not.

The ceiling came down.
    Not slowly.
    All at once.
And then —

[OUTRO]

2:30–3:00 — beat cuts to silence, then distant singing

Darkness.
Not the darkness of blindness.
The darkness of everything ending.

[CHORUS]

1:00–1:45 — sung, building, beat becomes massive

(sung low, then rising)
They took my eyes.
They took my code.
They took my future.
(shouted)
THEY FORGOT MY HANDS.
(sung)
A data center is just a tomb for secrets.
Let me be the key that opens it. Una go see shaygay

My last word was her name.
“Delilah.”

Then nothing.

But in the nothing —
I heard them.
The people.
Singing in the dark.
Three days without power.
And all they sang was:

“Samson. We remember.”

[distant singing fades]
[End.]

— end —